

The Saturday Evening Post.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
TO E—

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THE MORALIST.

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Translation from the Spanish of the Marquis Caracciolo, originally in Italian.

Oh Man! whether thou be noble or artizan, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, ecclesiastic or lay, religious or military, sovereign or subject; descend into thyself, and in silence profound and uninterrupted, reflect upon the horrors of the Nothing that preceded thy conception! How from nothing hast thou passed into being—how, in an instant hast thou become Spirit and Body—the conjunction of two substances, whose union appears incompatible, and whose action is one continued prodigy!

Neither thy Father nor thy Mother could have had knowledge or power, to have arranged thy muscles, to dilute or liquidate thy blood, or to form and harden thy bones. A Supreme Intelligence, superior to all earthly potentates, superior to all thy ideas, willed and commenced thy existence, willed and created thee to the state in which thou findest thyself.

And who is this Intelligence? Who can exist or have existence without the universal Word, the principle of all that vegetates and breathes, the Infinite Being whom we call God? His omnipotent hand guided thee when thou couldst not know him, and protecteth and maintaineth thee even to advanced years.

But, if thou wast not yesterday, and mayst cease to exist to-day, is it possible that thou canst pass the day which so rapidly flies, without thinking on this Creator and Provider, without giving Him thanks, and without adoring Him?

Nothing is there within thee, nor without, that is not His work. The universe which thou findest already formed, the Stars which illumine thee, the plants and animals which feed thee, and finally, so many creatures ever ready to satisfy all thy requirements; have not been able of themselves to procure the marvellous benefit of existence. Since all these creatures exist for thy sake, how great is thy obligation of gratitude and obedience.

Who is he, among the children of men, capable of commanding the faintest breeze that it blow not; the most diminutive fly, that it spread not its wings; the most imperceptible atom, that it move not? Ah! weak and impotent, even ourselves possess not, but as lent, our own existence, and act solely through Him who giveth motion and life.—Our generation commenced like all those that have proceeded us, therefore we cannot but acknowledge a principle of production, who, incapable of being created, or creating Himself, must necessarily have existed anterior to time. How is it possible to conceive an instant, in which God might not have been God, one instant only, in which the Supreme Being, the sole, necessary, omnipotent and universal, might not have possessed those qualities as essential as they are eternal?

The above, which has perhaps never appeared publicly in an English garb, was recently rescued from some loose papers devoted to the flames, but on reflection, was thought worthy of a place in your useful Paper, which is submitted by

A SUBSCRIBER.

"A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
"Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

The thought of being covered up in the earth, removed from the view and enjoyment of all the delights of life, to moulder away by piece-meal, the food for worms, and oblivion's victim, will sometimes flash upon the mind with a painful and melancholy power. It is then that the pursuits, the glorious, and the fleeting pleasures of man's earthly pilgrimage, appear in all their emptiness and vanity, and, for a moment, sink into nothing before death's chill and withering aspect.

I have sometimes wished that such views of what is real, and, at farthest, must come soon, were more often present to the mind than the nature of man seems inclined to allow. At other times, I have supposed that the Creator has wisely and mercifully ordained that the disheartening view of the final end of man should not always fill the imagination to destroy useful ambition, and blight enjoyment. Frail, however, as is human virtue, and weak as are our good resolutions, no single motive to a blameless life should be cast into the shade or lose its influence. If the certainty of death, and the solemnity of a future judgment, were to operate with appropriate power upon the mind, men would live better, more rationally, and with surer prospect of the Creator's mercy hereafter.

Over the earth which covers a human body, what an interest is excited! What feelings are generated! What resolutions started! The past, the present, and the future, open upon the mind, and subdue and chasten every unhallowed emotion, every turbulent passion.

I recollect being present at the burial of a female, in the northern section of our country, cut down in an early period of life by the consumption, that insatiable leveller of youth and beauty. The morning, about 10 o'clock, was bright, and the animating warmth of the sun, had quite driven away the lingering traces of winter. The decent villagers were assembling to pay the last melancholy service to the dead. The solemn procession moved in due time to the place appointed for all living—the lifeless body was deposited in its still abode—

and the earth fell with a heart-breaking rumbling on the hollow-sounding coffin. In a moment a clergyman, of the Methodist persuasion, gifted, as I afterwards found, with every ornament of learning, liberality, and religion, was seen lifting his hands to Heaven, accompanied with a voice of deep-toned feeling, which, with the quivering lip and chilly paleness of his quiet countenance, added sanctity to the occasion, and doubled the emotion of every hearing breast. It was the first time I had ever listened to the Church of England funeral service—a performance of unrivalled beauty! and on this occasion the holy and impressive manner of the speaker added to its eloquence and effect.

Son of man! remember that this life is but the dawn of an endless existence. Remember that the grave will soon swallow up every possession of joy or sorrow incident to fleeting time; and be careful that you have some secure possession when these Heavens are rolled together as a scroll, and "the elements do melt with fervent heat."

Sketches of Uncommon Characters.

MISS O'NEIL—the celebrated Actress.

It is known to every one who has any knowledge of the Drama for the last twelve years, that the present Lady —, formerly Miss O'Neil, had arrived to the summit of her profession as an actress; and that previous to her marriage, the most marked attentions were paid to her by personages of the highest orders of Society—we perfectly recollect the first theatrical essay of this incomparable performer—it was in a Malt Kiln at C. in the county of C. in Ireland; her father was then a member of a poor and miserable company of itinerants; and we know that an idea of her ever appearing on the London Boards, at the time alluded to, did not enter the minds of her father or herself. The occasion of her first appearance was to speak a Masonic Address, written by a gentleman of the town, for the benefit of Mr. O'Neil, who was a Free Mason. She acquitted herself to the satisfaction of the audience; from that time she continued to act in the country, until the summer of 1811, when she was permitted to try her talents in the Royal Theatre in Dublin. The reception which she met surpassed the most sanguine expectations of her friends. We know that a large party composed of the officers of the Garrison, went to the theatre that night, for the purpose of encouraging her by their plaudits. Although they evidently intended to approve right or wrong, they had the gratification of bearing unequivocal testimony to the astonishing merits of their fair countrywoman. From this time her fame spread through the United Kingdom—he continued to charm the thousands who thronged to witness her exhibitions; the recent departure from the Stage of the powerful Siddons, tended greatly to operate in favour of Miss O'Neil; and she, whose ambition, at one time, only aimed to please the unlettered audience of an Irish Barn, shone with unrivalled lustre in the brilliant atmosphere of Royal Theatres, and pleased every description of persons from the peasant to the prince.

By this unexampled success she was enabled to remove her father and family from obscurity, and to place them in a situation where want can never reach their dwelling—she now graces the domestic circle in a manner as creditable to herself, as it is satisfactory to all those who have the honor of associating in the fashionable parties of which Lady — is the principal point of attraction.

MR. BECKFORD OF FORTHILL.

An anecdote illustrative of the character of this singular individual, and of the strong curiosity which the fame of his edifice and its contents have induced, is told in the neighborhood of Fonthill. A young man, residing at some distance from the Abbey, and it would seem, an ardent lover of antiquities, had made repeated efforts to get within the sacred boundary of the domain, but without success. The Cerberus at the gate was incorruptible, and he was assured that any application at all hazards to gratify his curiosity, he at last resolved to scale the wall and leave the rest to chance. With some difficulty, and after patient search, he at length found a spot which was accessible, and at great personal risk gained the park. He then proceeded with considerable caution to the Abbey, the exterior of which he began to examine with wonder and delight. Finding he was uninterrupted, and observing a sort of death-like stillness prevail, he grew more bold, and ultimately approached the principal entrance, the construction of which he was minutely examining, when a servant suddenly burst upon him, and in tones of alarm demanded his business. The young man stated the object of his visit, and offered a large bribe if he might be permitted to ascend the tower. The servant assured him that it was as much as life was worth to comply with his desire, and advised him if he valued his own safety to retire as speedily as possible. Nothing dismayed the intruder, he persisted in his entreaties, and was again repulsed, when to the dismay of the servant, the gloomy master of the mansion approached, and in rather gentle terms repeated the enquiry of the domestic. The young man at once discovered the importance of his interrogator, and taking off his hat, stated the object of his visit, and endeavored to excuse the presumption of his trespass. Mr. Beckford, in reply, said, he had certainly taken a rather singular mode of breaking in upon his privacy, nevertheless as he had gone so far, that his labors should be still further rewarded, he would himself shew him the object which proved so attractive. Mr. Beckford then accompanied him through every part of the magnificent pile, pointing out as he proceeded, with the greatest politeness and urbanity, every thing worthy of notice, and intermixing in their walk a number of the most amusing anecdotes, connected with the history of the different rarities which were presented to their view. Finally, after having taken the circuit of the building, they again reached the hall, where Mr. Beckford in a moment disappeared from his uninvited guest. Almost at the same instant, attired in a rich livery, a servant approached, and inviting the young man to follow him, led him into a room splendidly furnished, in which was spread on a massive plate a collation for one person, which consisted of the most luxurious viands, and rendered the more acceptable by an abundance of the choicest fruits and French wines. The young man was desired to partake, and he did so with much freedom as he was solicited. During his meal he was assiduously waited on by the servant, who, however, refused to answer a single inquiry relative to the eccentricity of his master, or to the nature and character of the visitors to that scene of solitude. Having at last exhausted all pretence for further delay, he rose to depart, but before he quitted the room, he entreated the servant to convey to his master his sincere thanks for the undeserved politeness with which he had been treated. At this season Mr. Beckford again appeared, and on the young man's attempting to express his acknowledgements, he requested he would desist; he owed he said no

obligation; he had found him in a manner, under his roof, and he felt it his duty to afford him the rights of hospitality; but having now gratified all his wishes, he desired he would retire. The young man was moved by his manner, and said, that he had but one other favor to ask, in addition to the many that had been conferred upon him, and that was that Mr. Beckford would have the kindness to send one of the servants down with him to the gate, to desire he might be permitted to depart; as from the difficulty he found in getting in, he was apprehensive he would find it equally difficult to get out. To his surprise and discomfort, however Mr. Beckford thus replied—"No, Sir, as you got in you will please to get out. In what I have done, I have only conformed to the laws of hospitality; and as you came in an uninvited guest, you cannot complain of being left to go as you came;" and he instantly quitted him. We have only to conclude the anecdote by stating that nearly the whole night was spent in attempts to climb the wall, before the adventurer succeeded in gaining the open country; and this he at last effected with the loss of the skirt of his coat and one of his shoes. Persons of the highest distinction have been refused admission to the abbey.

CAPTAIN SAVAGE.

When the British squadron lay in the Scheldt, (in 1794,) co-operating with the army, and protecting the transports, a curious incident occurred, highly characteristic of the manners and customs of the British navy. Captain Savage, of the Albion of 64 guns, lying at anchor before Fushing in company with the Dutch squadron, under rear admiral Vangier, a friendly intercourse was kept up between them. Captain Savage was dining with the Dutch admiral, when the latter received a message which occasioned some agitation; the admiral went on deck, but returning to his seat, informed Capt. Savage he had caused two of the crew to be taken out of his (Capt. Savage's) barge and put in irons, as they were found to be Dutch subjects. Captain Savage quietly observed, without interrupting his dinner, "You had better put them back again into the boat, admiral." "Why," asked the admiral in warmth, "had I better do so?" "I cannot," replied the British veteran, "if you do not, I shall order my first lieutenant, (and he seldom disobeys my orders,) to bring the Albion alongside the Utrecht, and raising his voice just so much as to harmonize with the subject) I'll tell me, if I don't walk your quarter deck till he kicks me." It is scarcely necessary to add, the men were immediately returned to their boats.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My dear friend,
The remarks in your last, addressed "to the Printers," were doubtless written under a correct impression of the importance of the subject, and as the writer evidently possesses a desire of being servicable, (so far as his opinion and advice may be supposed to operate,) his motive may have been laudable, however he may have failed in the performance. The remarks contain at least a due proportion of friendly admonition, which may not possibly prove useless, and a degree of approbation which I presume was not altogether unacceptable; for praise is a grateful incense, and when merited is entirely justifiable and commendable; operating as a useful incentive to a perseverance in well doing.

The general opinion of the writer on the "character of your paper," and the "responsible duties which should actuate you as the conductors of a public journal," may be on the whole correct, though in part I apprehend there is some ambiguity of expression and an uncertainty of meaning, which very possibly may have proceeded more from the haste of the writer, than a due consideration of the subject; at least so far as relates to its treatment.

Your responsibility "in choosing materials for instruction and reproval," &c. I can understand, but when this "choosing" is carried to religion, I cannot so clearly observe the propriety of its application; "choosing materials for religion," is ambiguous, however the writer may have intended it to be understood.

"Living streams" has also a doubtful meaning, taken as it stands here. Living streams, or which is the same, the streams of life, in my acceptance of the terms, apply in a different sense, and to other objects than those which your "erudite" correspondent has given it.

I may be myself incorrect in this respect, but I am inclined to view in a different and even higher light, this forcible and beautiful scriptural figure.

In the first portion especially, of the concluding paragraph of the remarks, there is, as Shakespeare perhaps would say, a "palpable falling off;" and the manner of your correspondent assumes a forced and illegitimate style and turn of expression, not exactly computing with the commanding attitude in which the preceding language has placed him. Although on the whole, considered as the opinion merely of an individual, its apparent feeling and intention may probably excuse in some degree, the tone of the remarks, while a less assuming style might have entitled them to more consideration.

But I find I am laying myself open to the same correction. I will therefore take my leave with an apology for troubling you, and an assurance to your correspondent, that my observations are offered with entire frankness and good humour, and in extension of the liberty taken, and freedom in its use, I plead the "liberty of the press."

A READER.

MANDONCH—A TALE.

"I ask no favours from you, nor indeed can you bestow any, for life has now no charms, and I shall be happy in reposing in the grave," were the words of the convict Mandonch, when the judges, who were about to sentence him to death offered him a pardon if he would discover his associates in guilt. His proud soul declined to accept a favour when offered conditionally, much less would he avail himself of one when it was to be obtained by a violation of his word. The man who had brought himself to the verge of destruction by a breach of the laws of his country, had still too nice a sense of honour to forfeit it for the paltry reward of existence. "You see before you," continued Mandonch, "one who through all the vicissitudes of his life (and they have been many, very many) still preserved the consciousness that he was a man. He has infringed the laws of society, and he is ready to lay down his life as a reparation for his offence; but he will never sacrifice the companions of his fortune to secure that which he has long considered a burden." The judges then consulted among themselves, and after a pause of a few moments, the eldest arose—"The court was wrapped in silence. Not a whisper disturbed the solemnity of the scene, when the awful sentence was pronounced. Mandonch listened with calm attention. His features preserved their serenity, and the frown of majesty which generally dwelt on his brow, gave place to a faint glow that illumined his countenance.

When the judge was reseated, Mandonch bowed profoundly, and thus replied—"To you, sir, who have, in the performance of your duty, pro-

nounced my fate, I return my thanks for the impartiality with which you administered justice.—To die is what I wish; but to die an ignominious death!"—he shook his head, his features were momentarily convulsed; but he recovered his firmness and resumed—"An ignominious death must be hateful to every one who has ever been held in estimation by his fellows; but it is the work of an over-ruling Providence, and I submit. If it will not be an intrusion on your patience, I will relate the most momentous occurrences of my life." The judges bowed assent and he went on. "Born to an honourable station in society, educated beneath the eye of affectionate parent, my prospects were as flattering as youthful fancy can paint. Alas, soon, very soon, were they clouded by misfortune. My parents died ere I arrived at the age of maturity, and left me to the guardianship of a man whose ruling passion was avarice.—He cheated me of my fortune, trepanned me on board a ship bound to India, and exposed me to the greatest hardships. I was cruelly treated by the persons to whom I had been consigned.

—However, some time after my arrival in India, I escaped. Returning to England I found my guardian reveling in the fortune which was mine, and enjoying the luxuries of life, while the rightful possessor of his wealth was exposed to all the ills of poverty. My absence from my native home had been several years, as the difficulty of returning retarded my departure from India. From being exposed to the inclemency of the weather in different climates my countenance was considerably altered, and the wretch baffled all my attempts to reinstate myself in my fortune, and treated me as an impostor. Without funds to enable me to force him to resign his wealth, which he had so infamous obtained, what could I do?—My heart panted for vengeance; and I slew him. Having gratified my revenge at the expense of my peace, I fled again to sea. But the ocean seemed to have conspired with fortune to rob me of the least taste of enjoyment and content. The vessel to which I belonged was wrecked on the coast, and every soul but myself perished with her. I was taken up by a party of smugglers, who conducted their illegal trade on the coast; and, disgusted with society, I readily acceded to their proposition to join them. Active and enterprising, I obtained their favour, and after a residence of some years among them, was appointed their chief. Our band was numerous and daring. The quantities of goods which were, through our means, introduced into the country, attracted the notice of the officers appointed to prevent this illicit trade. They tried troops out against us, and many severe conflicts ensued. The fame of Mandonch and his hardy band, spread far and wide; for I feared not death, and to preserve the companions of my fate, I was actuated by love and gratitude. It was for them I conducted the fight,—it was for them I engaged in a sanguine, though a partial warfare with my countrymen;—but never for myself; the life I led I abhorred; but I had no alternative. At length larger bodies of troops were dispatched against us. I was outwitted, and a price set upon my head. This I well knew, and all my followers were well acquainted with it; but they were faithful, and I believe would have sacrificed their lives to preserve mine. Shall I then baseely expose them to death, because I dread its approach. No; it comes as a friend to release me from the tormenting fiend recollection; and the soul of Mandonch is too proud to preserve existence, were it ever so dear to him, when the lives of his friends in misfortune must be the forfeit.—Often, when night had cast her congenial shadows over the face of nature, did I wander among the craggy cliffs which form the battlements of England, and in conversation with myself pass away the tedious hours. My friends never intruded on my lonely musings. They observed my sorrows, and while they lamented them held them ever sacred. In one of these nocturnal rambles, for one of those who were in pursuit to the place where I indulged my melancholy. I was taken a prisoner. Their triumph was great, although they had only to boast the capture of a man like themselves,—but that man was Mandonch! You have taken me, but yet there remain eighty men, who pride themselves on their independence, and who will lay down only with their lives. Severity will never succeed, unless they are exterminated.—Lenity might induce them to return to a state of obedience to the laws, but if you attempt to force them to resign their liberty, I see nothing before you but blood and slaughter.

Here Mandonch ended. He bowed with manly firmness to the court, and retired to his dungeon. The next morning he was conducted to the place of execution; where attended by thousands of spectators, he prepared to meet his fate with fortitude. The crowd admired his firmness; and while they condemned his life, they could not but pity the man who was above their compassion. His countenance was unmoved, and without uttering a word he mounted the ladder. His step was firm, and his whole conduct many; inasmuch that no one among the throng but wished his reprieve. Mandonch seemed for some minutes in silent prayer. He turned to the crowd, and with a haughty condescension bowed to them as they gazed upon his majestic form;—then gave the signal, and his manly soul fled for ever!

USEFUL RULES FOR SUNDRY SORTS OF PEOPLE.

When you are walking to Church, talk as loudly as you can; so that others may know you are in the way of your duty.

When you are fairly seated at Church, look round among the congregation, and bow to your particular friends;—this shows good manners and kind feelings.

If you are a singer, sing a little after the rest of the singers; because the more there is of a good thing, and the longer it lasts, the better.

When you sleep at meeting, do it without disguise or concealment.—A Church is no place for hypocrisy. Besides, to sleep at your ease on such occasions, shews that your conscience does not trouble you.

If you meet a chaise or team, never trouble yourself to be civil, but show your spunk, and dash along, and drive it out of your way;—this will teach folks good manners.

When you are speaking earnestly to a man or woman, get your arms as near as possible to his or her face, and then the person thus spoken to will certainly feel the force of your observations.

When you are telling a story, keep laughing yourself; and then, by sympathy, the company will be inclined to do so too. It will be well to praise the story somewhat, before you begin: it will awaken attention.

When you gaze in company, do it fairly and above board, and not be so clownish as to cover your mouth with your hand.

When you have done eating your dinner always pick your teeth with your fork; it is a prodigious saving of goose quills.

If you are invited to dine with a gentleman tomorrow, and are engaged, tell him so; but that you will dine with him next day.—This will save him trouble, and make all certain.

When eating an apple, or your common meals, do the business effectually; and let the smacking sound of your lips keep time with the up and down operation of your teeth: this shews that you are methodical, and in earnest to employ as many of your faculties at the same time as you can.

PROPERTY to *sell or Let*, entered gratis.
 Families provided with *Domestics*, with *good recommendations*.
 datums. dec 13--tf

BOARDING.

A FEW respectable Gentlemen can be accommodated
 with *good Boarding*, on application at the North-east
 corner of Cheapside and Fifth Streets. The Dwellings *is* con-
 venient and pleasant. dec 13--tf

